

# WESTERN UNION.

VOLUME 1.

CITY OF HANNIBAL, MO., NOVEMBER 21, 1850.

NUMBER 12.

## WESTERN UNION.

OFFICE ON BIRD STREET, BETWEEN FIRST AND MAIN.

TERMS OF THE WESTERN UNION.  
One subscriber, one year, (in advance,) \$2 00  
Five subscribers, in a club, (in advance,) 8 00  
Ten subscribers in a club, (in advance,) with one to the getter up of the club, 15 00

## RATES OF ADVERTISING.

The following are the rates of Advertising in the Hannibal papers:

Advertising.—One square, of 12 lines or less, one insertion, one dollar; each subsequent insertion 25 cents. Cards not exceeding six lines, per year, \$5. One square per year, without alteration, \$10; one fourth of a column, \$15; half a column, \$20; a whole column \$30.

All notices, except marriages and deaths, will be charged as advertisements.

Attached to the "WESTERN UNION" office is an excellent BOOK AND JOB OFFICE, where all Job Books, Pamphlets, Cards, and other Printing, is executed with neatness and dispatch, on favorable terms.

For the Western Union.

## Lines

Suggested after reading a notice of a late marriage in your paper.

A monarch's crown to me a worthless prize,  
The worthy of the imperial diadem,  
Without the love-light of those azure eyes,  
Whose brilliancy reflects a brighter gem  
Than glitters 'neath the rays of India's sun,  
Affection's sympathy—a soul divine,  
A smile for all, a heart reserved for one,  
With faith, and love, and purity combined.  
Or were I young, and of the fairest mould,  
That ever made the raptured eye to avert,  
Had knowledge more than man's, as Hector, bold;  
All, all, were taught to me without thy love.  
Let the world frown, I'll heed it not, or sigh  
For wealth and honors, empty as its praise,  
While the dear object of my love is nigh,  
'Tis happiness enough on thee to gaze.

## Old Grumbleton.

Owd Grumbleton was a terrible Turk,  
As I've yeard people say,  
And a zore in an hour a'd do mmore work  
Than his wife would do in a day;  
"W! aye my heart," says the good owd dame,  
"I'm agreeable, any how!  
Zo the shall bide at home to-day,  
And I'll go d'v' the plough.  
"But thee must weed the brimled zow,  
And the leetle pegs in th' sty,  
And thee must milk the tyny cow,  
Or Tiney he'll go d'v' dry;  
And thee must milk the hank o' yaru  
As I spun yesterday;  
And thee must watch the speckled hen,  
Or he'll go l'v' astray;  
And thee must look to the dairy pans,  
Or the cream'll be spowit therein,  
And thee must mind to turn the malt  
That's dryin' in the kiln."

The owd 'oman tuk the whip in her hand,  
And trudged to d'v' the plough;  
The owd man tuk the milking pail,  
And tackled up to the cow;  
But Tiney winced, and Tiney hunched,  
And Tiney cock'd her nose,  
And Tiney kicked the pail down,  
And the milk run auser his hose.  
And 'tis "Oh, Tiney!" and "Wo! Tiney!"  
And "D'rat th' cow, bide still!"  
If I milks rich a maggoty runt again,  
I'll be zore agin my will!"  
And he vorgot the hank o' yaru,  
And the poppy dog stole it away;  
And he vorgot the speckled hen,  
And zo her laid astray;  
A' went to weed the hungry peas,  
A-grumling in the sty,  
A' run his nose agin a p'wost,  
And owest knocked out his eye;  
"A vine joke, my yeard's broke!"  
A plague on the pegs and sty;  
If they gets no vittles till doomsday,  
They'll never be zerved by I!"

A left the crame to stand in the churn,  
And turnin' hizzelf about,  
Lar' massa hawl! there stood the zow  
A-zushin' in her swing!  
A stoop'd to pick a swainst stick,  
To gie the owd zow her hire;  
Her run between his legs in a vright,  
And drowed un into the vire.  
"Ab d'rat thee now, vor a plaguy zow,  
A surprizin' zow bist thee,  
Thy stunk it does mmore harm in an hour  
Than I can mend in dree!"

In coomed th' owd 'oman a wringin' her hands,  
And thus in haste he spoke:  
"The zore hos lays on his back in the pond,  
And the plough and stils be broke;  
And 'tis "Oh Dobbin! my poor Dobbin!"  
And whet an owd vool was I,  
If I wears the breeches vor ar'n agen,  
I wishes as I moid die!"

Owd Grumbleton zore by the zun and the moon,  
And ael the green laves on the tree,  
If the wife 'ould but take to her gear agen,  
Her shoud' never be caddled by he,  
And 'tis "Oh zay no mmore, pray,  
For I hates to be called a vool;  
But bustle to-night, and put ael things right,  
And I'll gie thee lave to live!"

The Hagerstown News states that Mezekiah Burbans, an old man who lately died in Baltimore, has left all his property, valued at twelve thousand dollars, to a young lady, a school mistress of that town, who, when the old man visited Hagerstown a year ago, treated him with great kindness, when, others, viewing him as beneath their notice, in consequence of his shabby appearance, treated him with great coldness. The lady not only gave him a warm welcome, but also introduced into the school the "Monitorial System," a work of which the deceased was the author.

Mad'le Lind will sing at the great London Exhibition in 1851.—*Home Journal.*

## LOUISA WILLIAMS; OR THE ORPHAN BOUND GIRL.

A TALE OF THE QUEEN CITY.

BY MRS. F. FARMER.

## CHAPTER I.

Some thirty five years ago might have been seen, in the then infant Queen City, a large and splendid mansion delightfully situated upon a sloping lawn. The gravelled walks were tastefully ornamented with trees and shrubbery, such as is rarely to be found in a new settled country. A bright green carpet was spread out underneath, dotted here and there with delicate little wild flowers, sprung up in defiance of their more imposing and far fetched sisters. It was a lovely spot; the lawn stretching far away to the bank of the calm and beautiful Ohio, the most enchanting of our western waters, winding its way between two bold and craggy hills, and smooth grassy vales; alternately changing the scenery from the bold and sublime, to the calm and quiet low lands, where the pioneer's cottage had already domesticated many of those wild yet lovely gardens of nature. On the right of the lawn was a small stream which came madly leaping onward, hemmed in between two high hills, which closely guarded their prisoner till they saw it plunge into the Ohio and disappear.

On the left, towered a high hill, crowned with a variety of forest trees, on which the eye might rest after becoming wearied with the glare of the city. Who, but has experienced a thrill of pleasure after being pent up within the walls of that city from morning until night, wearied and worn with anxiety and toil, as he came forth and feasted his eye on that scenery just as the sun had paused to kiss the green tree-tops, and robe them in his golden mantle ere he sunk to his nightly slumbers?

Within the breakfast parlor of that mansion, one lovely spring morning, might have been seen a lady and a gentleman. The lady's form was tall and commanding; her features regular, but somewhat stern, and beauty had made considerable pretensions to might had they been less masculine. Her step displayed a firmness and hauteur, not to be mistaken. Her age, to all appearance about thirty. The gentleman, who sat silently contemplating a cup of coffee, appeared at least ten years her elder; was rather above the middle size, thick set, with a strong muscular frame, which to all appearance had at some former time been intimately acquainted with active labor; though now dressed in a finer garb than that worn by mechanics. His dark eyes were deeply set, and evering by a pair of shaggy brows, which had already been slightly frosted; his forehead was broad, but not high; retreating rather abruptly from the projecting brows, to a high crown which overlooked the whole structure. An unusual prominence in the rear of each temple was partially concealed by a thick crop of dark, yet slightly silvered locks. His features, though hard, were rather good looking, yet like those of his companion, left an unpleasant impression on the mind of the close observer. His mind appeared entirely absorbed in the subject which engaged it, for his wife had finished her last cup of coffee, and was quietly looking over the morning paper, which he had apparently forgotten. At length raising his eyes to his companion, while his head still rested on his hand, he enquired,

"Rebecca, who is that young man who appears so attentive to Louisa of late?"

"Indeed I cannot tell, you know as much about him as I do; I have not taken the trouble to inquire his name."

"He must be a stranger in the city, for I never saw him till quite lately; and to speak plain I do not like his looks," said Mr. Langley, (for that was the gentleman's name,) while his contracted brow, and firmly closed lips, indicated the truth of this last remark.

"I have never thought enough about him, to observe him closely," said Mrs. Langley. "For what do you suspect him?"

"For being far superior to a poor bound girl," said Mr. Langley, placing particular emphasis on the three last words.

"I have no apprehension that a poor ignorant girl like her will be likely to win the good graces of one much above her own station; yet I must acknowledge that her beauty has made me feel rather suspicious at times; I wish I could prevent her going out at all; but I thought her handsome features would not attract attention in a shabby dress."

"There may possibly be a stronger attraction than mere looks," said Mr. Langley, as he fixed his meaning gaze upon his wife, while she opened her eyes as if a new idea had crossed her mind.

"It cannot be possible."

"There is scarcely anything impossible in these days," replied the husband; "but one thing I am determined on."

"And what is that?"

"If Louisa marries at all, she shall have a husband of my own choosing. But I wish you to love no time in ascertaining, if possible, who this stranger is," said he as he arose from the table and left the room.

After he had gone, Mrs. Langley sat some minutes in deep meditation; at length she arose and hastily rang the bell. In a few moments the door opened and a young girl, not over seventeen years of age, entered the room. Her slender form was indeed faultless, although clad in a coarse frock, with the sleeves turned back to the elbow; displaying an arm, which the most delicate parlor ornament might be proud to exhibit. Her face at first sight might be considered only good looking; yet on a closer examination it was indeed handsome; but I shall not attempt a description, knowing my inability to do justice to the fair being before us. And beside, the whole stock of materials for that purpose, has been exhausted by others, through several editions, so I should be compelled to borrow should I attempt it. Therefore we will let the reader fancy, what she, or he, think most perfect in female loveliness, except-

ing in fine feathers, and then modestly assure them that their imagination has scarcely done justice to Louisa Williams. Her manners appeared to partake of her beauty, rather than her station. And her very foot fall sent forth an echo of self-respect unusual to one in her station.

"Louisa," said Mrs. Langley, as the former commenced removing the breakfast dishes, "who is that young man that calls on you so often of late?"

Louisa cast a timid glance at Mrs. Langley, as if to read her motive for asking the question. But she saw at once so much determination expressed in her stern gaze, that she felt nothing like an equivocal answer would suffice. Summoning her courage she firmly replied, "his name is Henry Wilson."

"Where was he from? and how came you acquainted with him?"

"His native place I believe is Philadelphia; I was introduced to him at Mrs. White's, where he boards."

"What business does he follow?"

"Indeed I cannot tell, for I never heard him say."

"How long has he been in the city?"

"Only a few weeks, I believe."

"Then it would seem his business is hunting a wife," said Mrs. Langley, as she fixed her penetrating eyes full on Louisa; who, notwithstanding her own firmness, quailed beneath it, as though she had encountered an evil spirit. Hastily gathering up a salver of dishes, she was about to leave the room to avoid further questioning, when Mrs. Langley ordered her to stop.

"I presume," said she, "has told you thus much of his business, at least?"

"He has never hinted such a thing to me," said Louisa, as she again attempted to reach the door, and this time succeeded in making her escape.

It may well be imagined that Louisa did not spend a very comfortable day, after her morning adventure; yet there was nothing morbid to her that day, upon the subject. But still she felt a presentiment that the affair would not end thus. Mrs. Langley's look and manner had convinced her that there was a hidden meaning deeper than she was able to fathom. She had seen Henry Wilson several times; yet she had not thought upon his attentions only as common civilities, or a wish to while away an idle hour. But now the more she considered the subject, the more she imagined she could discover a slight preference existing on both sides, which was any thing but unpleasant.

(To be continued.)

## Hannibal and St. Joseph Railroad.

We are pleased to see that the people are aroused in favor of the contemplated Rail road from Hannibal to St. Joseph. We learn from the Bloomington Gazette that the good people of Macon are zealous in the cause. The great necessity for such a road is daily becoming more manifest; the counties through which it would pass are extremely fertile, every article of produce usually grown in the Western country can be raised there in great abundance; but the difficulty of conveying produce to market is such, that it will hardly bear the cost of transportation. The Railroad would be of great utility to the people along the whole route from Hannibal to St. Joseph, and particularly to St. Joseph and vicinity; for such is the navigation of the Missouri river that there are only a few months in the season that produce can be conveyed to market on that river. During the Fall season the Missouri is too low for purposes of navigation. At this time merchandise destined for Carrollton only a few miles from the Missouri river, is landed at Hannibal and wagoned across the country to Carrollton! The superiority of the Mississippi for navigation renders such a road almost indispensable. Nothing ever obstructs the navigation of the Mississippi, below the Rapids, except ice. With a Rail road from the rich country west, to the Mississippi, the surplus produce of the rich prairies lying between our two large rivers, could be conveyed to market at nearly all seasons of the year. We have no doubt but what the increase of the value of the lands in the vicinity of the road would be amply sufficient to defray the expense of constructing the noble enterprise. Let the people put their shoulders to the wheel, and ere long the banks of the Mississippi will be burdened with the product of our rich Western prairies.—*Paris Mer.*

Some of the Texas papers are speculating upon the use which shall be made of the ten millions which the State is to obtain from the General Government. The *Galveston Citizen* thinks that after paying off the debt of Texas, three millions will remain. This sum is to be received in the United States Bond, bearing five per cent interest, which will yield a revenue of one hundred and sixty thousand dollars per annum—more than sufficient to pay the whole expenses of the State Government. This would enable Texas to do what no other state has done—abolish all taxes.—*Ham. Jour.*

Frederick Lemaitre, a comic actor, had proposed to build an arched bridge between Dover and Calais. The Academy received the scheme as the best of his jokes.—*Home Journal.*

QUININE.—Dr. R. H. Thomas, of Baltimore, in a communication to Dr. Hays, of Philadelphia, which is published in his *Journal of Medical Sciences*, mentions the fact, that quinine may be deprived of its bitterness by combining it with tannic acid. The proportions which he suggests for neutralizing the bitterness is, quinine, ten grains, to tannic acid one and a half grains.

## Trying to be a Gentleman.

The efforts which certain young men make, on entering the world, to become gentlemen, is not a little amusing to sober, thoughtful lookers on. To "become" is not, perhaps, what is aimed at, so much as to make people believe that they are gentlemen; for if you should happen to insinuate anything to the contrary, no matter how wide from the mark they go, you may expect to receive summary punishment for peevishness.

One of these characters made himself quite conspicuous in Baltimore a few years ago. His name was L—, and he hailed from Richmond, we believe, and he built some consequence upon the fact that he was a son of the Old Dominion. He dressed in the extreme of fashion; spent a good deal of his time in strutting up and down Market street, switching his rattle; boarded at one of the hotels; drank wines freely, and pretended to be quite a judge of their quality; swore round oaths, and occasionally talked of his honor as a gentleman.

His knowledge of etiquette he obtained from books, and was often quite as literal in his observance of prescribed modes and forms, as was the Frenchman in showing off his skill in our idioms, when he informed a company of ladies, as an excuse for leaving them, that he had "some fish to fry." That he was no gentleman, internally or externally, was plain to every one; yet he verily believed himself to be one of the first water, and it was a matter of constant care to preserve the reputation.

Among those who were thrown into the society of this L— was a young man named Briarly, who had rather more basis to his character, and who, although he dressed well, and moved in good society, by no means founded thereon his claim to be called a gentleman. He never liked L—, because he saw he had no principle whatever; that all about him was mere sham. The consequence was that he was hardly civil to him, a circumstance which L— was slow either to notice or resent.

It happened, one day, that the tailor of Briarly asked him if he knew anything about L—.

"Not much," replied Briarly. "Why do you ask?"

"Do you think him a gentleman?"

"How do you estimate a gentleman?" asked the young man.

"A gentleman is a mau of honor," returned the tailor.

"Very well; then L— must be a gentleman, for he has a great deal to say about his honor."

"I know he has. But I find that those who talk much of their honor don't, as a general thing, possess much to brag of."

"Then he talks to you of his honor?"

"Oh yes; and gives me his word as a gentleman."

"Does he always keep his word as a gentleman?"

"Not always," he replied.

"Then I should say that the word of a gentleman isn't worth much," smilingly remarked Briarly.

"Not the word of such broadcloth and buckram gentlemen as he is."

"Take care what you say, or you may be called to account for using improper language about this gentleman. We may have a duel on the carpet."

"It would degrade him to fight with a tailor," replied the man of shears. So he may speak my mind with impunity. But if he should challenge me, I will refuse to fight him on the ground that he is no gentleman."

"Indeed! how will you prove that?"

"Every man must be permitted to have his own standard of gentility."

"Certainly."

"I have mine."

"Ah! Well how do you measure gentility?"

"By my Ledger. A man who don't pay his tailor's bill I consider no gentleman. If L— sends me a challenge I shall refuse to fight him on that ground."

"Good!" said Briarly laughing. "I'm afraid if your standard were adopted, that for many who now pass themselves off for gentlemen would be held in little estimation."

"It is the true standard nevertheless," replied Shears. "A man may try to be a gentleman as much as he pleases, but if he don't try to pay his tailor's bill at the same time, he tries in vain."

"You may be right enough," replied Briarly, a good deal amused at the tailors mode of estimating a gentleman, and possessed of a new fact in regard to L—'s claim to the honorable distinction of which he so often boasted.

Shortly after this, it happened that L— made Briarly angry about something, when the latter very unceremoniously took hold of the young man's nose, and moved his head around. Fortunately the body moved with the head, or the consequences might have been serious. There were plenty to assure L— that for this insult he must, if he wished to be considered a gentleman, challenge Briarly and shoot him—if he could. Several days elapsed before L—'s courage rose high enough to send the deadly missile by the hand of a friend.

Meantime a wag of a fellow, an inti-

mate friend of Briarly's, appeared in Market Street in an old rusty coat, worn hat, and well mended, but clean and whole trousers and vest. Friend after friend stopped him, and, in astonishment, inquired the cause of this change. He had but one answer, in substance. But we will give his own account of the matter, as related to three or four young bucks in an oyster-house, where they happened to meet him. L— was of the number.

"A patch on your elbow, Tom, as I live!" said one. "And here's another on your vest. Why, old fellow, this is premeditated poverty."

"Better wear patched garments than owe for new ones," replied Tom, with great sobriety.

"Bless us! when did you turn economist?" "Ever since I tried to be a gentleman."

"What?"

"Ever since I tried to be a gentleman. I may strut up and down Market Street in fine clothes, switch my rattle about, talk nonsense to silly ladies, swear and drink wine; but if I don't pay my tailor I'm no gentleman."

"Nonsense!" was replied. There was a general laugh, but few of Tom's auditors felt very much flattered by his words.

"No nonsense at all," he said. We may put on airs of gentility, boast of independence and spirit, and all that, but it's a mean kind of gentility that will let a man flourish about in a fine coat for which he owes his tailor. Wyville has a large bill against me for clothes, Grafton another for boots, and Cox another for hats. I am trying to pay these off—trying to become a gentleman."

"Then you don't consider yourself a gentleman now?" said one.

"Oh no. I'm only trying to become a gentleman," meekly replied Tom, though a close observer could see a slight twitching in the corner of his eye. "My honor is in pawn, and will remain so until I pay these bills. Then I shall feel like holding up my head again, and looking gentlemen in the face."

The oddness of the conceit, and the boldness with which it was carried out, attracted attention, and made a good deal of talk at the time. A great many tailor's bills were paid instantly that would not have been paid for months; perhaps not at all.

In a few days, however, Tom appeared abroad again, quite as handsomely dressed as before, alleging that his uncle had taken compassion on him, and out of admiration for his honest principles, paid off his bills, and made a gentleman of him once more.

No one, of course, believed Tom to be sincere in all this. It was looked upon as one of his waggish tricks, intended to hit off some one, or perhaps the whole class of fine, tailor-made gentlemen who forget their benefactors.

While Tom was metamorphosed as stated, Briarly was waited upon, one day, by a young man, who presented him with a challenge to mortal combat from the insulted L—, and desired him to name his friend.

"I cannot accept the challenge," said Briarly, promptly.

"Why not?" asked the second of L—, in surprise.

"Because your principal is no gentleman."

"What?"

"A no gentleman," coolly returned Briarly.

"Explain yourself, sir, if you please."

"He don't pay his tailor—he doesn't pay his boot-maker—he doesn't pay his hatter—he is, therefore, no gentleman, and I cannot fight him."

"You will be posted as a coward," said the second, fiercely.

"In return for which I will post him as no gentleman, and give the evidence," replied Briarly.

"I will take his place. You will hear from me shortly," said the second, turning away.

"Be sure you don't owe your tailor anything, or if you do, I will not stoop to accept your challenge," returned Briarly. "I will consider it *prima facie* evidence that you are no gentleman. I know Patterson very well, and will, in the meantime, inform myself on the subject."

All this was said with the utmost gravity, and with a decision of tone and manner that left no doubt of the intention. The second withdrew. An hour elapsed, but no new challenge came. Days went by, but no "posters" drew crowds at the corners. Gradually the matter got wind, to the infinite amusement of such as happened to know L—, who was fairly driven from a city where it was no use trying to be a gentleman without paying his tailor's bill.

## Newspapers.

The first newspaper that was published in the North American colonies was the "Boston News Letter," and was issued in 1704, by John Campbell, a Scotchman who was post master and a bookseller at Boston.

Sometimes it had one advertisement, and often none. After 14 years, when 300 copies were sold, the publisher announced that his weekly half sheet being insufficient to keep up with the foreign news, he should issue an extra sheet each fortnight; which expedient he announces after a year, has enabled the "News Letter" to retrieve eight months of the thirteen that he was behind in the news from Europe; so that those who would hold on till the next January, (five months,) might expect to have all the ar-

rearages of intelligence from the old world, needful for to be known in the parts." After six years the publisher gives notice that copies of the "News Letter" would be printed on a whole sheet of writing paper, one-half of which would be blank, on which letters might be written, &c.—*Exchange papers.*

If John Campbell were to revisit the earth and see, as he might, the Newspaper rolling off weekly its 40,000 copies, at the rate of 10,000 an hour, with intelligence in its columns from Europe of events which occurred only ten and twelve days before, and news from parts of the United States 1500 and 2000 miles distant, of transactions happening only the day previous, he would fancy that he had fallen by mistake into some of the countries described in the Arabian nights, and it would take some time to convince him that he was only a century and a half in advance of the present age. In John's day steam and the telegraph were not thought of in the connection in which they have since been employed.—*Dollar Newspaper.*

## Criticism on Jenny Lind.

The editor of the "Bunkum Flag-Staff" has heard the Swedish Nightingale. Heard her, too, under the influence produced by a "purchased ticket." Belonging, as he does, to that highly respectable and immensely independent fraternity, known as the "outside press," Barnum refused to extend to him the courtesy of a "Free Ticket." This unheard-of act of discourtesy somewhat riled our amiable cotemporary of the "Flag-Staff," and may have added the slightest imaginable degree of asperity to his critique. But he would be the last to acknowledge the "soft impeachment." With the independence which always characterises the conductor of a "free press," the editor purchased a ticket, and thus jots down the incidents of the evening.—*Dollar Newspaper.*

Yes, we say in answer to "A Subscriber," we have heard the celebrated Swedish cockatrice. We travelled some miles, (free ticket,) and waited on Barnum. Sez he, "We give no ticket to the outside press." Sez we, (with an editorial leader in our eye,) "We'll buy one." Sez he, shaking our hand, "That's right!" We bought a walking ticket, and took a stand, way out in the bay of New York. We heard her. A friend of ours, when she got up in a *b, ab, ab*, said, "Cut my straps, and let me go up!" We said, "Don't expose yourself!" We came to hear her, [with a bought ticket,] and we wasn't goin' to give way to our feelings. We came to criticise, and with a bought ticket. The "Staff" is not a venial press. We can express our opinion! Her voice is not square; is of an oval texture. It will suit the ear of Bunkum. When she got up in the *sustentato* we stood aghast; but when she tried it on with the *fado*, the *obligato*, and sunk down to the *cripper notes*, we knocked under. She has no merit as an artist—she's good. That's our opinion. The price of good seats is six dollars, but the "outside press" can get walking tickets at one dollar! We mention this fact that our Bunkum friends may know that this article is not based by anything of a personal nature."

METROPOLIS.—The sessions of all the annual conferences have been held, and the minutes are in press. The *New York Tribune* gives as follows a recapitulation of the statistics of this and the preceding years:

	Tr. Prs.	Loc. Prs.	Members.	Last year.
Baltimore,	276	393	68,855	66,223
Philadelphia,	172	319	50,637	50,510
New Jersey,	160	194	33,670	32,457
New York,	176	132	26,808	25,769
N. York, East,	150	109	21,868	21,373
Providence,	133	86	13,099	12,598
New England,	140	80	13,641	13,052
Maine,	107	91	11,008	10,202
East Maine,	83	62	10,020	9,877
N. Hampshire,	101	80	9,123	8,017
Vermont,	82	58	7,849	7,732
Troy,	213	140	25,636	25,091
Black River,	107	253	18,404	17,554
Ononda,	205	194	25,776	26,964
Genesee,	69	118	10,741	10,597
East Genesee,	137	148	17,710	17,839
Erie,	156	210	21,458	21,379
Pittsburg,	180	213	35,411	35,203
West Virginia,	55	119	14,181	14,278
Ohio,	294	482	64,936	63,681
North Ohio,	153	250	27,460	26,322
Michigan,	139	182	16,927	16,238
Indiana,	148	220	37,798	35,481
North Indiana,	149	279	30,897	28,083
Rock River,	107	283	17,078	14,360
Iowa,	62	134	11,095	9,818
Illinois,	169	483	31,869	29,903
Wisconsin,	80	184	8,176	7,065
Missouri,	51	86	5,474	3,591
Liberia,	14	—	1,117	1,063